THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 5, 1808.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 50.

TO THE EDITOR.

——"Is there no divination?
No power prophetic in the human mind,
The strange designs of fortune to develope?"

I Shall make no apology for sending you a very interesting extract from "Semple's Journey through Spain," published in 1807. To make any prefatory comments on it would be an insult to the most superficial reader's understanding, as the events it anticipated (and which have since providentially taken place) must be fresh in the memory of the minutest politician, and cannot but afford a source of exultation and gratitude to every true friend of liberty and his country.

After speaking of the uncontrouled dominion the French then held in Spain, the author remarks that "in the present political state of Europe, and indeed at all times, the propriety of England cultivating a close and friendly intercourse with Spain is so apparent that we cannot but feel surprised it should have been so long neglected. On enquiry, we find the causes of this to be various. Ancient wars; alliances between the two former monarchies of France and Spain; and the interest of the latter country and of England badly understood by both. Yet I affirm that such are the dispositions of the Spaniards towards the English, that with a little care on the part of the government, the two countries might become indissolubly united. It is here that we ought to look for a great balance to the power of France in the west. It is in this country, per-

haps, unfavourable as appearances may now be, that the *freedom of Europe is destined to commence!* The Highlanders of Britain may still rouse to arms in a kindred language their Celtic brethren in the mountains of *Leon, Biscay, and Gallicia*; and even extend their enthusiasm over the plains to the centre of the country, and the mountains of *Arragon and Guadarrama*. But the *great events likely soon to take place in this country* mock the vain spirit of prophecy."

Truly, Mr. Editor, this appears to have been written in no "*vain* spirit of prophecy;" and I cannot but congratulate the whole of Europe on the very animating prospect the fulfilment of this prediction affords. But let it not be supposed that I am in the least degree an advocate for superstitution; on the contrary, I am such an abominable disbeliever of all *modern* prophecies, that even the sublimely poetical and hieroglyphical divination of a *Moore* rather tends to my diversion than to my edification.

Rowe, the dramatist, gives the following character of a usurper, which seems to me an admirable portrait of the Corsican tyrant, to whom the world is indebted for the awful scenes of murder and desolation, which will render the history of the times incredibly tragic.

——————" Proud, impatient
Of aught superior, ev'n of Heaven that made him.
Fond of false glory,—of the savage power
Of ruling without reason—of confounding
Just and unjust, by an unbounded will;
By whom religion, honour, all the bands
That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,
Were held the tricks of state, snares of wise princes,
To draw their easy neighbours to destruction,
To waste with sword and fire their fruitful fields;
Like some accursed fiend, who, scaped from Hell,
Poisons the balmy air thro' which it flies;
He blasts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,
The labouring hind's best hopes, and marks his way with ruin."

Most cordially praying for a speedy restoration of a general peace, and of the rights of injured princes,

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,

X.

Mr. Editor,

A very worthy friend of mine (as spruce a young fellow as ever drew a cork) has been bitterly complaining of a set of tattling

tattling people, who amuse themselves by giving birth to reports, (I don't mean such *reports* as a *cannon* is apt to make in battle,) but scandalous and unfounded misrepresentations of facts. Being a particular friend to social intercourse, and having a decided partiality for the company of the fair sex, he naturally cultivated the acquaintance of such families as are most likely to gratify him in this respect; the consequence of which is, that the above-mentioned "busy-bodies," have publicly asserted that he is paying his addresses to some lady or other in every house he visits at. Now, however insignificant such a circumstance may at first sight appear, it will be discovered, on a calm enquiry into its effects, to be a source of much uneasiness; and so my worthy friend has found it to his sorrow. For the moment the suspicious parents hear of it, poor Jack is called to a serious account, which not unfrequently terminates in a coolness between the parties, if not in a downright quarrel. If, on the contrary, they think Jack a desirable match, and resolve to connive at his attentions, Miss Dolly, or Miss Molly (which-ever it may be) is taught to look on him as a professed admirer; and when, at length, she is lamentably convinced to the contrary, Jack is beheld in the light of a base deceiver—a disturber of the peace of families,—and stands a fair chance of having his throat cut by the damsel's indignant brother.

At my friend's request, I have taken the liberty of sending this simple statement of the business to the Entertainer, hoping it will have the desired effect; in default of which I shall seize the first opportunity of dedicating a complete number of the Letter-Box to a more ample discussion of the subject; in the course of which, several notorious aggressors will be introduced to the public.

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FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

HOPE.

1.

Hope is a blessing rarely lost
To those whom virtue steers,
That points us out a happier coast,
Beyond this sea of tears.

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For who could bear his sorrows up
Or fix his anchor fast,
If hope denied her nectar'd cup,
To solace us at last?

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Or fix his anchor fast,
If hope denied her nectar'd cup,
To solace us at last?

3.

But never may my soul confide
On aught beneath the skies,
Since dark and dubious is the tide
O'er which our voyage lies.

4.

Thou know'st, O God! *what* hope is best!
Grant it, whate'er it be;
Nor let one wish disturb my breast
That flows not straight from thee.

X.

August 17.

MEMOIRS *of* PRINCE BAGRATION.

THIS illustrious prince and general was born in Georgia, of the royal stock of that warlike nation. Like most of the princes who derive their origin from the ancient dynasties of the vast empire of Russia, his family reside at Moscow; where they have a splendid palace, and live in all the pomp of eastern sovereignty.

Moscow may be compared to the former labyrinth of Thebes, not the residence of merely one king, but the abode of several. When the Emperor Joseph the Second of Germany, visited this city, he said to a nobleman who accompanied him, "Here all the chief princes of the country seem to have settled, surrounded each by his villages, his church, and his vassals." Hither the families who count the names of the first Velike Knezes, (the paramount princes of Moscovy,) and the earliest Tzars in the roll of their ancestors, retired. Formerly independent princes, but now drawn into the wide vortex of an empire which embraces nearly one quarter of the globe, and too proud to mingle with a race of courtiers round the imperial throne, they reside within the walls of the ancient capital, and there enjoy the advantages of royalty without its cares. Nothing can transcend the grandeur of these families inhabiting gorgeous palaces, attended by numerous slaves superbly clad, and drawn in equipages glittering with all the decorations of Asiatic splendour; a traveller might suppose, on witnessing their retinue, their entertainments, and their courts, that he had quitted earth, and descended into the subterraneous regions of the genii, where their domes flame with gold, their robes blaze with gems, and breathe the fragrance of Arabia.

From

From such a luxurious abode, the sons of these princes emerge at a very early age. Nursed in the love of fame, as the only end worthy of their birth, they see its track leads through the imperial camp, and thither they repair. So strongly is a military life the passion of this illustrious race of men, that they sometimes enrol their sons in the army within the year in which they are born. Twelve years of age is the usual period; and then, even youths of the first distinction do not commence their martial career as officers; they are not considered fit to command before they know how to obey.

Suworroff himself, the great model of our heroic Bagration, though the son of a general officer, was first enrolled in the Russian army as a fusileer in the guards of Seimonoff. In 1747, he served as a corporal; two years after he was promoted to the rank of serjeant, and employed as a courier during the campaigns in Poland and Germany. In 1754, he obtained a lieutenancy; and after gradual promotions, at length arrived to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Then came his "blushing honours thick upon him;" and at last he died, Field-Marshal Suworoff Rymnikski, count of the empire.

Similar would be the fruits, if the like probation were used in the British line. Were Englishmen to serve, before they issued orders, were they disciplined in the field before they attempted to marshal an army, did they pass through as regular a military practice as British seamen do a naval one, the ensign of England would fly as proudly as her flag.

The rudiments of a soldier's duty were instilled into the young Prince Bagration, as soon as his opening faculties could apprehend their use. All eyes were turned to the growing fame of the great Suworoff. Though descended of a noble Swedish family, and only transplanted into Russia in the beginning of the last century, yet his forefathers had deserved well of the Tzars, and been endowed with lands and peasants, and the imperial friendship.

Alexander Suworoff, the hero of Rymnikski, proved himself alike worthy of the country, whence he sprung, and of that to which he was now attached; he conquered her enemies, and covered her with glory. To such a conspicuous example of martial atchievement, the young Bagration looked with rapturous admiration. The events of the brilliant campaign of 1762 were yet alive in the memory of the veterans who surrounded the prince. The prowess of the brave Suworoff, and his gallant brother in arms, the renowned Prince Volkonsky was a model which they delighted to hold up to his imitation.

Instead of leading their illustrious pupil to the illuminated theatres of Moscow, to lose his senses in the gaieties of scenic enchantment; instead of dissipating his mind by female assemblies,

semblies, and sparkling promenades, they immersed themselves with him in a remote apartment of his paternal palace, where he travelled with Alexander to the Indian shores, scaled the Alps with Hannibal, and accompanied Cæsar through the vast forests of Gaul: Turenne and Montecuculi, with the great Conde, made his heart glow; Charles of Sweden fired him with ambition, and Peter the Great made him grasp his little sword, and glory in belonging to his empire.

Thus was this young hero brought to understand the merits of his future master in arms; thus was he taught to follow with his mind and heart the narratives of his preceptors, as they recounted the various atchievements of their adored Suworroff; his campaigns against the confederates of Poland, his victories on the Danube, and his conquests in the Crimea. Thus was he attempered to meet him with all the enthusiasm of an ingenious and martial heart, when that famous commander returned to Moscow, from the subjugation of the Nogoy Tartars in the year 1784.

Few persuasions were necessary to induce Marshal Suworoff to enrol the young prince under his command. They left Moscow together; and instead of the eastern luxuries which might have attended the march of so extensive a conqueror, he beheld a simplicity which reminded him of the days of Phocion or of Cincinnatus. The manners of Suworroff were adopted by every officer who wished to gain favour, or acquire renown. He rose at four in the morning throughout the year; winter or summer making no difference to his robust constitution, rendered so by toil and temperance. A heap of fresh hay was his bed, with a truss for a pillow, and his cloak for a coverlid. His dress was simple, strictly military, and put on in a few seconds; and his meals were dispatched with a haste that precluded luxury. He hardly ever devoted more than an hour to walking, after which he sat down to transact the official duties of the day. He read letters and reports, dictated answers, gave orders, and then applied himself to a general inspection that all were properly executed. The small portion of leisure he enjoyed was devoted to reading; but like Alexander's choice of the Iliad, his studies were all directed towards the history and progress of arms. However strict he was with his soldiers, whether in discipline, or in almost incredible marches and enterprize, they regarded him with an affection bordering on idolatry. Rigorous in the field that all should do their duty to the utmost, their necessary wants and comforts were the constant objects of his care.

This perfect picture of a soldier, Bagration resolved to copy. He saw that Suworoff's military career had been one long and uniform course of triumphs; inflamed with a generous emulation to become all he admired, the love of his country, and

an ambition to contend in arms for her glory, became the ruling principle of his life; and to that, like the youthful Hannibal, he determined to consecrate all the faculties of his soul, all the strength of his manhood.

Such was the spirit with which this brave young prince followed his veteran leader through the dangers of many a hard-fought field. The banks of the Dnieper, the Limon, and the Rymnick, can bear witness to the ardour of his maiden sword. Bender and Belgrade bowed to the Russian arms; and Ismael, defended by a strong garrison, fell to the ground. So fearful a lesson of war long dwelt on the memory of our young hero; he shuddered at the moment when he leapt the wall, and saw it lie in blood before him; and almost regretted that he was born a prince and a soldier.

The laurels of that desolated city were yet green on their brows, when they were called into Poland; and there swept the country with fire and sword, until Warsaw submitted to their arms. The effusion of human blood is so horrible even to those accustomed to see it shed, that Bagration beheld with wonder, while his own tears flowed, that the destroyer of Ismael could weep over the fate of Warsaw. The capitulation of that ruined capital being signed, Field-Marshal Suworoff made his entry into it, attended by his generals and the rest of his army. Bagration was all attention. At nine they passed the bridge on horseback. Suworoff was received by the magistrates of the city clothed in black. The president presented to him the keys, with a brief address; the field-marshal took them, pressed them to his lips, and then holding them up towards Heaven, he said, "Almighty God, I render thee thanks that I have not been compelled to purchase the keys of this place as dear as ——" turning his face towards the burning relics of Praga, his voice failed him, and his cheeks were bedewed with tears.

Such a tribute of humanity did indeed deserve the encomiums which Prince Cobourg has always expressed for his character; and causes every feeling heart to sympathise with the following farewell letter which his highness wrote to Suworoff.

"GENERAL,

"I must quit you on Friday, to take upon me my new command in Hungary; and no circumstance of my departure so afflicts me as my separation from such a worthy and inestimable friend. I know how to value your elevated character. Our friendship has been formed by circumstances of the greatest importance; and on every occasion I have had reason to admire you as a hero, and to love you as a man. Judge then yourself, my incomparable master, of the regret I suffer in separating

parating myself from a man who has so many claims upon my particular regard and attachment. You alone can console me, by preserving that affection with which you have already honoured me; and I protest to you, that frequent assurances of your friendship are absolutely necessary to my happiness. I cannot bear the thought of taking a personal leave of you, and in the avowal of this sentiment I appeal to those in your own breast. I most solemnly declare that I feel for you the most ardent friendship; and I trust that you will grant me the continuation of your's, which has been, to the present moment, the delight of my military life. Be assured of a return of my most lasting acknowledgment. You will ever be the most cherished friend that Heaven has granted me; for no one has an equal claim to the high regard with which I am your excellency's most humble servant,

"PRINCE COBOURG."

After these brilliant campaigns, in which this veteran leader had subdued kingdoms, the Prince Bagration returned with him to St. Petersburg; and there partook of all the honours so richly bestowed by the empress, on those who asserted her rights and extended her empire.

(To be continued.)

SAGACITY *of* SPANISH SHEEP DOGS.

[From an Account of recent Travels through Spain.]

SORIA being situated towards the northern extremity of the celebrated sheep-walks of Spain, an accident brought me an instance of the well-known sagacity of the sheep-dogs of that country. I had made an excursion, alone and on foot, across the fields, which are entirely uninclosed, to a hill a couple of miles off, to procure a view of the environs; and on my return after sun-set, I discovered near the foot of the hill, as if there had been a circular fall of snow on the ground, and a light glimmering in the centre. This appearance drew me towards the spot; but long before I reached it, I found close to my side one of the large mountain sheep-dogs, who, in going his rounds had discovered me, and was resolved to see what my purpose was in approaching the flock; for the whitish appearance was produced by a large flock of sheep, already (in the beginning of September) assembled and preparing to set out on their annual progress, to pass the winter in the southern provinces.

These flocks are under the management of two, three, or four shepherds, according to the number of sheep, who are

furnished with small mules or asses to carry their tent utensils and other necessaries. In the day time the sheep spread over the open grounds, but are constantly in motion to the southward, the shepherds with their asses and baggage travelling in the midst, while their dogs are posted on the outside, to keep the sheep from wandering at too great a distance, or mingling with other flocks, in a similar state of progress.

When night approaches, the shepherds pitch their tent in some convenient spot, make their fire, and prepare their supper, while the sheep come and arrange themselves in a circle round the tent, and the dogs patrole on the outskirts of the camp, to watch the approach of strangers or enemies, but without making any idle noise; taking care, however, when danger to the flock is apprehended, not only to attack the invader, but by their voice to alarm the shepherds, and call them to their assistance. The approach of the dog explained to me the white appearance on the ground; I therefore gradually changed my course away from the flock; and it was not until I had gone to a considerable distance, that the faithful and sagacious animal, walking all the way by my side, between me and the sheep, satisfied that I had no evil intentions against his charge, silently quitted me, and returned to his post.

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION.

Battle between a Tiger and an Alligator; or, wonderful Instance of Providential Preservation, described in a Letter from the Captain of the Davenport Guineaman.

SOME time after my arrival at the British factory, Cape Casta, on board the Davenport Guineamen, I was sent for by the commodore, who was stationed in the Diana frigate, to protect the trade of the place before-mentioned, and appointed by him to command a sloop, employed on the service of conveying slaves, teeth, gums, and other merchandize, from the company's factories, situated several hundred miles up the river Congo, down to the principal *depot* at the Cape. The sloop carried six swivels, and was manned with nine negroes, and two north country seamen, named Johnson and Campbell, the former of whom was my mate.

After receiving orders relative to the duty in which I was employed, we proceeded on our voyage, and had navigated near fifty leagues up the country, when one morning the breezes died away suddenly, and we were compelled, by a strong current, running against us, to drop anchor within a quarter of a mile of the shore. In this situation the sloop remained for three days, during which time the circumstances

fell out I am about to communicate; circumstances so improbable in themselves, so marvellous, as almost to border on impossibility, but nevertheless declared by me, as a spectator, to be a most perfect reality.

To resume my narrative—the bosom of the deep appeared, as it does in these parts, while the calm prevails, extremely tranquil, and the heat, which was intolerable, had made us so languid, that almost a general wish overcame us, on the approach of the evening, to bathe in the waters of Congo; however, myself and Johnson were deterred from it, from the apprehension of sharks, many of which we had observed in the progress of our voyage, and those enormously large. At length Campbell, alone, who had been making too free with his liquor-case, was obstinately bent on going overboard, and although we used every means in our power to persuade him to the contrary, dashed into the watery element, and had swam some distance from the vessel, when we on the deck discovered an alligator making towards him from behind a rock that stood a short distance from the shore. His escape I now considered impossible, his destruction inevitable, and I enquired of Johnson how we should act; who, like myself, affirmed the impossibility to save him, and instantly seized upon a loaded carbine to shoot the poor fellow, before he fell into the jaws of the monster. I did not, however, consent to this, but waited with horror the tragedy we anticipated—yet willing to do all in my power, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and we fired two shot at the approaching alligator, but without effect, for they glided over his scaly covering like hailstones on a tiled penthouse, and the progress of the creature was by no means impeded. The report of the piece, and the noise of the blacks in the sloop, made Campbell acquainted with his danger; he saw the creature making for him, and, with all the strength and skill he was master of, made for the shore. And now the moment arrived, in which a scene was exhibited beyond the power of my humble pen perfectly to describe. On approaching within a very short distance of some canes and shrubs that covered the bank, while closely pursued by the alligator, a fierce and ferocious tiger sprang towards him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to devour him. At this awful moment Campbell was preserved. The eager tiger, by overleaping him, encountered the gripe of the amphibious monster. A conflict ensued between them—the water was coloured with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to tear the scaly covering of the alligator were unavailing, while the latter had also the advantage of keeping his adversary under water, by which the victory was presently obtained, for the tiger's death was now effected! They both sunk to the bottom, and we saw no more of the alligator.

Campbell

Campbell was recovered, and instantly conveyed on board; he spoke not while in the boat, though his danger had perfectly sobered him; but the moment he leaped on the deck, fell upon his knees, and returned thanks to the providence who had so protected him, and, what is more singular, from that moment to the time I am writing, he has never been seen the least intoxicated, nor has he been heard to utter a single oath. If ever there was a perfectly reformed being in the universe, Campbell is the man.

ABDALLAH, PRINCE *of* PERSIA.

THE setting sun had just shed his last beam on the lake of Urmia, when Abdallah, prince of Persia, returned from hunting near the mountains of Ararat. The length of the chase, and the ardour of the pursuit, had separated him from his attendants, and he found himself bewildered in an extensive valley surrounded by lofty hills, whose sides were clothed with verdure, and whose summits were lost in clouds. The fertilizing waters of the Retz here took their course, and meandered in a gentle murmur over banks of flowers, 'till they were seen and heard no more.

The faintness of hunger and the weariness of fatigue, made the prince desirous of rest, and impatient for food; and he looked round in eager anxiety to find some human habitation, where he might procure the one, and enjoy the other. He at length entered a long foot path, at the end of which he perceived a hermit's cottage, and its solitary inhabitant sitting at the door. "Disappointment is not always the lot of man," thought Abdallah, upon seeing the cottage: "did we moderate our desires as they become unreasonable, we should not so often have to complain that our expectations of pleasure are fruitless. My hopes are accomplished, and my wishes will be satisfied. To this humble abode my rank will procure me a ready admission; the plainest food can be sweetened by hunger, and the hardest bed softened by fatigue." Approaching the hermit, "Friend," said he, "you see before you the prince of Persia. I have wandered from my attendants in the heat of the chace, and I know not which way to return to Ispahan. If you can afford me a supper and a night's lodging, you shall be amply rewarded." "Great prince," replied the old man, prostrating himself, "to the children of Oromanes the rights of hospitality are always due; their necessity, not their rank, is the measure of their claim. To procure the little I have to give it is sufficient that you stand in need of it, and the homage of an isolated old man can add little to the glory of the prince of Persia."

The courtesy of his behaviour, and the refinement of his manner, convinced Abdallah that the speaker was no common peasant. He took his hand and raised him from the ground; and thanking him alike for his reproof and hospitality, he turned his horse loose into the valley, and followed him into the cottage.

Upon entering his habitation, the hermit immediately prepared a plentiful repast of dates, figs, and a cheese made of goat's milk, of which his royal guest very eagerly partook.

"I cannot repress my curiosity," said Abdallah when he had finished, "to know what reason can induce you to live in such entire solitude. I am convinced that you are no common peasant; why then do you neglect so many opportunities of benefiting mankind (which in mixing with the world so often occur,) to live where you can neither receive nor confer a favour?" "It was necessity," replied the old man, "that forced me into solitude; I have long been tired of a state of life in which I have been often miserable, and never happy. But you forget that nature requires rest, and the fatigue that you have undergone calls you to repose. At the rising of to-morrow's sun your curiosity shall be satisfied, and when the beams of omnipotence begin to enlighten the world, you shall hear the history of my life, which is neither long nor eventful." The prince was unwilling to take possession of the only bed the cottage afforded, but his scruples were overruled by the importunity of his host; and he slept uninterrupted 'till the light of morning awakened him from slumber, and the bird of paradise called him to his devotions. He then seated himself with the hermit at the door of his cottage, and the old man began his history.

"Thirty-five times," said he, "has the sun performed his annual course since I first beheld the light in the city of Bassora." "Have you not made a mistake?" said the prince. "I should have supposed that you have seen more than eighty summers, and you say only thirty-five." "Those who judge only from appearances," replied the hermit, "will often be deceived." "In such a case as this we can judge no other way," returned Abdallah, "but I will ask questions afterwards; proceed with thy story." "My name is Merlin. I am the only son of a wealthy merchant, whose whole study was how to amass money. The greatness of his fortune did but increase his rapacity, and I believe had he been possessed of all the gold that yet discovered mines can yield, the impossibility of obtaining, would not have prevented him from wishing for more. I had the misfortune to lose my mother at so early an age, that I was never sensible of her maternal cares, and my remaining parent was too much engaged in business to attend to his son's education. He contented himself with sending

me

me to a public school, and permitting me to pay him an annual visit that he might, as he said, 'see when I should be fit for trade.'

"As I naturally loved learning, I was constant in my endeavours to improve myself; and as knowledge dawned on my mind, I could not help secretly despising the sordid principles of my father, and resolved when I should be my own master to gratify the inclination I had to travel. At the age of eighteen I left school, and was immersed in the cares of commerce 'till I was twenty-three, at which time my father died, and left me in possession of an immense fortune. My desire of travelling was yet undiminished, but I resolved to dedicate five years to pleasure and amusement in my native city, and to become acquainted with my own country before I began my studies abroad.

"Six months passed away, spent in riot and dissipation, in the indulgence of every passion, and the gratification of every appetite. But the enjoyment of pleasure ceased with its novelty, and experience soon taught me that affluence alone cannot confer happiness. I had been dazzled with wealth which I did not know how to value; I had been intoxicated with riches of whose value I was yet ignorant. From this dream of folly I was roused by an event that awakened me to reason, and finished a course of life of which I was already tired.

"Being one evening at supper with a large party, at the house of a satrap, I entered into discourse with an English traveller; the conversation turned upon the beauty of women, in the course of which the Englishman took frequent occasion to assert the superiority of English females over those of Persia and other nations. I imagined myself bound in honour to stand up in defence of my countrywomen; and although I had never seen an English lady, I intemperately contradicted his assertion. He felt offended, and being both heated with wine, the quarrel soon rose to such a height, that, upon the Englishman's proposal, we agreed to decide it in the field. We met in a private place the following morning, and after a short conflict, I ran my scymitar through his heart. As there were no witnesses of the transaction, I had time to collect some of my most valuable effects, and with these, disguised as an old dervise, I fled to this cottage, where I have lived ever since, endeavouring to atone for my crime by penitence and prayer."

"You that can speak from experience," said Abdallah, continuing the conversation, "tell me your opinion of a life of solitude: the arguments that have been used by philosophers, who have either written in its support or spoken in its defence, have inclined me to think that happiness is to be found in retirement alone."

"In

"In a state of life," replied Merlin, "which necessity forces him to accept, a man very seldom expects or can hope for happiness. When I first came to this cottage, the novelty of my situation secured my attention. I employed my time in rambling in the vallies or traversing the mountains; in collecting plants, or viewing a barren romantic prospect. Sometimes I went out in the pursuit of game; at others I listened to the murmurs of the brook, or reclined on a bank of verdure. But when variety ceased, amusement was at an end. I wanted society to chear my vacant hours; I had no friend to whom I could communicate the observations I had made. I longed to re-enter a world from which I was secluded; to mingle in the busy scenes of life from which I had fled; to partake of pleasure that was to me no more. In the rainy season my discontent was still greater. I then endeavoured, by the constant exercise of religious duties, to regain the lost favour of all-powerful Alla; and to recover by devotion that tranquillity of mind to which, in the tumult of pleasure and the hurry of dissipation, I had been so long a stranger. My first efforts were weak and unsuccessful. While my hands were lifted up in prayer to Heaven, my wandering thoughts flew back to the world, and pictured to my imagination scenes of earthly felicity of which the reality probably never existed. But by perseverance in duty I obtained its reward. The stings of remorse ceased to be violent; the upbraidings of conscience were softened, though not silenced, by the voice of religion; and calm resignation succeeded to murmurs and discontent."

"Why," said the prince, "did you not quit a state of life in which you lived only to be miserable, and by travelling into foreign countries, at once gratify your inclination, and shelter yourself, from the fury of persecution, and the sword of justice?"

"When I first entered this cottage," replied Merlin, "the recollection of murder recurred so incessantly, and with so much terror to my mind, that I looked upon myself as unworthy to associate with the children of Alla; and I rashly bound myself by a solemn vow, to remain here 'till the end of the twelfth winter, as a penance for my crime. At the end of that time, I was so enervated by indolence, so habituated to solitude, that, though I still resolved to re-enter the world, I remained here without an effort to remove. The occurrences of the early part of my life appear like a dream, indistinctly remembered, and likely soon to be entirely forgotten. And had not the sight of a fellow-mortal roused me to exertion, I might have sunk into the grave without a sigh. In a few days I will set out on my travels; and having attentively considered the situations of life, and the manners of mankind in foreign countries,

tries, I will return into my own, where a still ample fortune will secure to me the comforts of life, and enable me to reward worth and to relieve distress. By occasionally returning into solitude, I shall correct and moderate those passions and defects which a long continuance in the world will insensibly impart, and by a strict performance of the duties of my station to compensate for the vices and follies of inexperienced youth."

A. M.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

ON Sunday the 31st of July, as the Rev. C. Cooke, tutor to the two sons of the Hon. H. Vernon, of Wentworth-house, Yorkshire, was riding an high-spirited hunter in the park, some of the deer crossed him, and caused the horse to run away with him. In vain his rider endeavoured to stop him; the beast ran at his fullest speed at the park (an iron) gate, which is seven feet nine high, and with very large spikes at the top; above the gate is a fine arch of Portland stone, and about three feet above the top of the spikes. The horse nevertheless endeavoured to cover the gate, but in the exertion broke two cross bars of heavy massy iron, and by the shock wrenched the lower hinge from the post; by this means the gate hung obliquely, when, frantic with pain, to the surprise of every beholder, he directly staunch leaped the gate, and carried his rider over perfectly safe, who had some difficulty to stop him afterwards from running away. So great was the concussion, that the bone, from the head to the nose, was fractured completely into two parts. The horse struck his rider a most violent blow in his right eye, immediately before covering his leap, which has nearly deprived him of the sight of it.

AN ANECDOTE.

SURENAS, the general of the Parthians, when Crassus was retreating after a great slaughter, and attempting a march over very high grounds from fear that desperation would urge him to renew the battle, sent an ambassador to him, to say, "that the great king offered him friendship, for as he had shown the Romans his bravery, he wished to give them a proof of his humanity." Crassus, suspecting treachery, was not compliant. The soldiers, dispirited and quite worn out with fatigue, clashed their arms together, and compelled him to credit the barbarian. Crassus reluctantly went to him on foot. Surenas received him with great politeness, and presented to

him a horse with a bridle that had a gold bit, on which he directed him to sit. He mounted the horse; but the barbarian, being a manager of horses, applied the spur to it, and put it on full speed; so that it carried Crassus into the midst of the Parthians. Octavius, an officer of Crassus, perceiving the trick, seized the reins; and after him Petronius, one of the tribunes, did the same; when Octavius, drawing his sword, slew Surenas. A Parthian on that killed Octavius; and Exaithres, another Parthian, Crassus, and cutting off his head and right hand, bore them to Herod the Great, king of the Parthians. It happened, that at that instant of time, the king was entertaining some friends, and was listening, over the cup, to the tragedian Thrason, of Thrallis, acting a part in the Bacchis of Euripides. The actor was reciting this verse:

> "From the mountains we lead a new
> Slain heifer to the temple; a propitious booty."

They brought in and offered to the king the head of Crassus. At this there was a general shouting and clapping of hands. Exaithres, jumping up, cried out, "I had better join in these songs and chorus than with the tragedian." The king, being much pleased, gave Jason a rich present, and bestowed on Exaithres the honours of the country.

SINGULAR DECOY, *and* MARRIAGE.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a party of the Hietans, or Comanches, [a numerous and hardy race, occupying the greatest part of the intermediate country between Louisiana and New Mexico,] passed over the river Grand to Chewawa, the residence of the governor-general of the Five Internal Provinces. After laying some time in ambush for that purpose, they surprised the governor's daughter, as she was proceeding in a coach to mass, and brought her off. Her father reclaimed her, but she refused to return; alledging that she had been tattooed, and given in marriage to a young Indian, who treated her kindly. She still lives with her husband, by whom she has three children.

Eclectic Review, August, 1806.

WINDHAM FAMILY.

THIS family, very ancient in Norfolk, has long been settled at Felbrig, about three miles from Cromer, and twenty-two miles from Norwich. Here it is a sort of provincial proverb—"Never was a Windham known to be poor!"

MAGNANIMOUS REPLY.

AN officer of Henry IV. of France being commanded to undertake a very dangerous expedition, was told by a friend under what pretext he might excuse himself from executing such a hazardous enterprise. "I can easily save my life," said he, "but who will save my honour?"

Indian's Belief of the Immortality of the Soul.

MANY of the Indian nations believe that the soul, after its separation from the body, enters into a wide path, that is crowded with spirits, who are journeying towards a region of eternal repose. That in the way thither an impetuous river must be crossed by means of a bridge made of wicker, which continually trembles under the feet, and from whence the passengers incur much hazard of falling into the current. They who are so unfortunate as to be thrown from this passage are swept away by the stream, and can never return. The spirits which have passed the river direct their course, for a considerable way, along its banks, making provision of fish, which they dry, until they gain an extensive meadow, whose exremity is terminated by precipitous rocks, over which there is a long and narrow path, with a barrier of two large logs of wood, alternately raised and depressed. These are intended to crush the living, who might attempt to force a passage, but not as an impediment to the progress of the dead.

The soul afterwards arrives at a beautiful meadow, boundless to the sight, filled with every species of animals, and that abounds with the most delicious fruits; here is heard the sound of drums, and of other musical instruments, known to savages; from hence it is ushered into the abode of happiness and joy, where its journey is concluded, where it is invested with beautiful raiment, and where it mingles with an assembly of kindred spirits in the dance.

A QUESTION, *by W. Petherick, of Mr. Milton's Academy, Pelynt.*

$$\text{GIVEN } x^2y + \frac{x^2}{y} = 2272{,}5 = a$$

$$xy^2 + \frac{x}{y} = 1501{,}5 = 6$$

Where x denotes my age in years, and y the months.

Answer, by J. Trood, of Bridgewater, to W. D. Champion's Charade, inserted July 11.

IF you but gently lift your eye,
You'll view God's wonders in the SKY;
From which descends the orb of LIGHT,
To guard us from eternal night.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Melhuish, and Mary Davis, of Bridgewater; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Treadwin, Typographus, J. Saunders, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; F. Arden, of South Petherton; William Kent, of Camelford; J. B. of Exmouth; and J. Salter, of Broadhembury.

Answer, by W. J. of Noss Revelstoke School, near Plymouth, to W. Bickham's Charade, inserted July 11.

IMPROVE each HOUR, nor let it pass
In hast'ning round the dangerous GLASS.

*** Similar answers have been received from Frederic Arden, of South Petherton; J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Easter, of Poole; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Saunders, J. Treadwin, P. Gove, T. Whicker, J. Osborn, and Typographus, of Exeter; T. Pearse, Chard; R. Withall, of Plymouth; W. Courtis, of Upton Pyne; W. N. of Sidmouth; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. French, of Evershot; W. Petherick; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and C. Crews, of Newton Abbot.

Answer, by Philo-Musæus, of Yeovil, to J. Channon's Charade, inserted July 11.

A Valiant earl from WARWICK sprung,
Who bore that honour'd county's name,
Whose deeds immortal Shakespeare sung,
And crown'd with never-dying fame.

†‡‡ We have received the like answer from J. Saunders, J. Treadwin, Typographus, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; W. Petherick; W. N. of Sidmouth; J. W. of Charmouth; J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Frederick Arden, of South Petherton; Hester Easter, of Poole; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

A REBUS, *by Mary Davis, of Bridgewater.*

TWO-THIRDS of what we daily do;
And what we all have got 'tis true;
When with a vowel these you've join'd,
A learned nobleman you'll find.

A REBUS, *by C. Crews of Newton Abbot.*

AN ancient poet, gents. must first be found;
A priest of Bacchus you will next expound;
A title then of Jupiter pray find;
And next the god of corn you'll call to mind;
Lastly the wife of Orpheus, you'll view
My whole: with which fam'd chiefs, in days of yore,
On the embattled plain were dy'd with gore.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

CONTENT.

CONTENT pursued an humble life,
Free from contaminated strife,
And all the complicated crimes
That stigmatize degen'rate times;
A foe to unrestrained wiles,
And all the fascinating smiles,
Which often hold resistless sway,
And sometimes triumph o'er the gay:
Remote from city, town, or court,
Where unimportant beaux resort:
Where belles, with an affected air,
For pleasure and delight repair,
She liv'd, "unknown to public view;"
Health deck'd her cheeks with rosy hue;

Her temper gentle, meek, and mild;
No indolence her time beguil'd;
By industry she earn'd her bread;
While smiling plenty round her spread
The fairest offspring of the year,
And crown'd her with each blessing dear:
From the good culture of the soil,
She reap'd the profits of her toil;
Plenty her cornucopia fill'd
From the rich produce of the field;
Altho' retir'd from scenes of mirth,
And boasted not a lordly birth,
Her little store gave her more joy
Than those who all their time employ,
Using their efforts to obtain,
A glitt'ring mass of worldly gain:

Within the precincts of a wood
Her humble, straw-thatch'd dwelling stood;
Surrounding hills enclos'd the spot
On which was built her humble cot;
A fertile vale beneath appear'd
Wherein enchanting Flora rear'd
A num'rous group of blooming flow'rs,
Cherish'd by genial dews and show'rs,
Diffusing o'er the teeming ground
Their odoriferous sweets around;
There warbling birds symphonious sing;
There Philomela hails the spring;
There willows kiss the murmuring rill;
There echo flies from hill to hill;
Transcendant beauties there conspire
To animate the muse's fire;
There all appears that can delight
The tender breast, or charm the sight.

Then, fair goddess, come and rest,
Be an inmate in my breast;

With

With me ev'ry blessing share,
Uncontaminated there;
Check the passions as they rise,
Make me placid as the skies;
For what's life, and all its joys,
If its cares my peace annoys?
Then, fair goddess, come and rest,
Be an inmate in my breast.

R. LOOSEMORE.

Tiverton, July 18, 1808.

THE TRAVELLER RETURNED.

COME, Edmund, as the sun goes down,
Thy many wanderings tell;
Say, after all thine eyes have seen,
If home appears so well?

So well! Oh! never may ye know
How absence can endear!
In every hill, in every tree,
A thousand charms appear!

Here as I gaze, I almost weep,
My list'ning pulse beats slow,
I seem beside this river's brink,
To feel the waters flow!

Far grander scenes I have beheld,
As ye may well divine,
That waken in some other hearts,
What this may do in mine.

But tho' I lightly wander'd forth,
Thro' many a land to roam,
Affection, like a wayward child,
Still wept, and murmur'd *home!*

I persever'd, altho' I strain'd
The pleader to my breast;
I hush'd her cries, but, as I chid,
More fondly still caress'd.

And when I met with youthful dames,
Of grace and beauty rare,
I thought of one dear village girl,
Become perhaps as fair.

My little playmate! oft I humm'd
The lays she lisping sung;
And sigh'd when looking on the arm,
Where she at parting hung.

What joy beneath my native hills,
To find my Ellen free;
To fancy others pleas'd her not,
Because she thought on me!

So closely round a glowing heart,
Did never flow'rs entwine!
Oh! ne'er was happy spirit lull'd
In slumbers soft as mine!

INGARETHA.